over the ground.

themselves all over to prevent like ca-

tastrophes. Sprinting, H. B. got after

it, as if it were a football and the honor

of alma mater was in his ability to get

The puff would wait for him, the way

puffs have, and then would dance idly along

just provokingly beyond his grasp. As

he travelled along visions of the moment

of its return also danced before him, a

kind of waltz dream. Certainly a pretty

girl would do something more than mur-

mur the conventional "Thank you" to a

Meantime Beauty, leading not by a

single hair but by a single puff, kept him

going until he nearly reached Sixth avenue.

Then having captured the puff he sprinted

back gazing eagerly into the faces of the passersby. Would she remain where he

first saw her or would she come to meet

By this time he began to get a little con-

fused. He knew she was awfully pretty,

but was she tall or short, thin or curved,

blue or brown eyed? He remembered

man who returned her puff.

All Kinds of Complications Brought About by the Latest Fashion in Hairdressing Men Bothered as Well as Women

The Things That Happen Newadays. This isn't the story of a newspaper puff. It is the newspaper story of a puff-several stories and several puffs, in truth, for both are thick as the leaves in that famous place that is misspelled in the sophomore year. If you belong to the puff class you'll recognize the truth of some of these little episodes.

It is said by a census taker who is interested, on the side, in congestion and plift questions, that there is one man in Harlem who really believes that the queer little rolls that have blossomed in one season all over the head of the little woman who formerly wore her hair in a tiny wisp in the pape of her neck, because some one in school told her she looked like Psyche, grew on her. He is always telling her how nice her hair looks, and in a burst of husbandly flattery one evening he said he should think it would take her an awful long time to get them all so even and how tid she do it?

And of course she told him that a man never could understand those things and what was the use. And he agreed with her that he couldn't and carry on his business too.

When the husband was a youth he had a mother who dyed her hair and rouged her cheeks every day, but he was a dutiful son, and now he doesn't know or even suspect that his wife bought her puffs by the yard and keeps them in the upper drawer. and he never will. Happy man! Great the power of inheritance and training.

At a fashionable hotel the other afternoon a young woman who was doing her part zealously in the "Merry Widow" waltz simply strewed puffs all over the stage. After the young woman had made her bow Donald Brien came from behind a screen and went about picking them up, as coollyas if they had been bunches of forget-menots. Having gathered both hands full he stopped and made a graceful salute. He did it all with an air as if he were quite used to puffs.

The little incident was greeted with hysterical laughter. The laughter was the tribute, not to an unusual happening but in a usual one, for every woman there had apparently had some such experience.

It is just about a couple of years since the first puffs made their way into the horizon of public attention. They were brought over on the head of a tourist returning from Paris and London, and, as they say in theatrical circles, "their popu-



SUBWAY PUFFS

larity has been unprecedented ever since. At first a woman went to the inner room of her favorite hairdresser and held a long conference as to the advisability of filling out little chinks in her coiffure with an occasional-only an occasional, mind you -puff. She didn't believe in wearing false hair; but how were you going to keep your hat on unless you have something to pin

Now, so quickly do we move along in the world of chance and change that a workin telephones her husband to stop at one of the department stores and get her a yard of puffs, for she's lost hers and Mrs. Smith's party is that night.

One man actually brought home the wrong color, and he had a mighty hard quarter of an hour explaining why he bought blond puffs instead of chestnut. It was his idea that it was the overweening extravagance of women for puffs that brought about the financial trouble of last autumn, but of course his ideas are more or less morbid.

eon of the dubwoman variety. It wasn't one of the ordinary luncheons where the guests discuss Ibsen and Shaw, the kind of clothes that Mary Garden wears in "Thais," whether a woman should devote herself to home cooking or the uplift, but the real, vital, burning questions of the hour, such as universal suffrage, whether man is really the equal of woman, socialism and child

One woman had just told of her experience as a would-be voter in Colorado, her husband being away from home and the mails being kept heavy and hot with their correspondence. He wanted her to vote for his candidate and she wanted to vote for her own, and they unfortunately were not the same.

Finally she wrote to him that his arguments had prevailed and she would drop hers, but some man, was mean enough to send him word that his candidate had pledged himself to kiss every woman who voted for him, and so she got a wire from her husband "Vote for your own candidate, and she said wasn't that just like a man; that they couldn't reason a bit, but were so illogical and emotional as soon as things got away from the abstract into the con-

Just at that moment another gave a tiny

The next incident was at a feminine lunch- on it the way a woman does, you know, and actually had the audacity to ask if it was on straight. The hostess looked quite fussed for a moment, but as the discussion of woman suffrage and single tax was resumed with all its former ardor she did not harbor any resentment against her tactless

As if this story wasn't enough, another one comes along of a man who got on the subway train the other evening. He took a seat in the middle of the car where you couldn't help seeing him if you wanted to.

He was a very nice looking elderly, benevolent type of gentleman, and had every appearance of being a superintendent of a Sunday school at least. He was bound for Forty-second street and you knew right away that when he got there he would take a train either for Mount Vernon or New Rochelle, and, kind and gentle being that he was, he had selected one that would get him home just in time so that wife and the family wouldn't have to wait and the dinner get cold.

You could read all this history, and then all of a sudden your eyes lighted on a cute little puff dangling from the button of his coat. He was utterly and completely oblivious of its presence as he was of the giggles that followed its discovery. One woman remarked to her escort: "Well,



that she bad a package in her hand, but so did all the other pretty girls.

Finally he recognized her-or thought he did. She was talking to a man, a mere hulking brute, and when he caught her eye and held up the puff with a gesture of complete understanding she touched the brute, who whirled around and looked ugly at him. That made him angry as a hatter and he marched up with his most indifferent manner and said:

"Pardon me. I managed to catch your hair for you."

She said: "Sir, I never saw it before and he's not sure she ever did, and while he was thinking it over standing in that exposed spot holding it out at arm's length she and Brute together were swallowed up in that maelstrom of city life in which so many young and earnest beings are lost every year. To get even he took the puff home and gave it to the girl who waits on the door, and she, said:

"La. Mr. Grand, where did you find it? I'm always dropping them about. I hope you didn't tell anybody it was mine, for they all think my hair's naturally luxuriant.

At the lost and found counter of the railway company, where every article left on the street cars is supposed to be turned in before the conductor takes it home and sees if it matches any of the family's needs, a very good looking clerk has been detailed to this branch of the business, which has of late been rather arduous. It is necessary that he should not cast any discredit on a force that is noted for its urbanity and charm of manner, and he asks questions regarding color, number and texture in such a way that no one, unless she was a very neitive person, could possibly take offence.

A young woman who sauntered into the office with every sign of embarrassment in her gestures was directed toward him. and before she had a chance to stammer her request he said in such an easy way that she felt immediately at home:

"Oh, yes; we have lots of ladies come for em. Yours is the real blonde, I see, not the peroxide article at all. Probably made out of your own combings. Yes. Not the common, boughten kind? I thought so. Did you have five or six in your string?"

By that time she was taking him into her confidence and was describing to him how



JUST A FEW PUFFS.

"WHO SAID MOUSE?"

she had had typhoid fever and all her hair came out, and now that it was coming in slowly, but still she had to wear puffs, and did he like them? He wasn't quite sure by that time, and had to match two or three strings, and each time he had an opportunity to say, "Oh, of course, that's not the one; that hasn't any gloss at all," and when he reached the very last and there was no longer any excuse for delay she asked if he would mind pinning it two inches below the brim of her hat and looping the end over the right ear. And he didn't mind. One of the women customs inspectors

questioned on the subject admitted that she had examined the puffs on the head of every suspicious person whose clothing she had been called upon to search. "Why, a hollow boot heel isn't in it with

a puff for a hiding place. A woman could carry a diamond necklace in one of those coiffures and the ordinary inspector wouldnt suspect her for a minute," she said.

Pinning puffs on has come to be one of the Lenten relaxations, and a psychologist who keeps ahead of matters of popular interest and their influence on the subliminal consciousness states as a positive fact that as the crisis in history always finds the man, so in matters of social economy when events get to a straining point a balance is struck by the reestablishment of some new sartorial custom or the rehabilitation of an old one. For instance, he calls attention to the fact that the last outcry for woman suffrage was accompanied by the fashion of full sleeves, which necessitated a man's helping a girl into her jacket and poking them down into the outer receptacle, a process which sometimes took fifteen minutes and sometimes might be accomplished with a single dab, when the sleeves were mother's or sister's.

The same rule holds good now. The shrieking sisterhood have got to contend not against anti-suffragists, so called, not the apathy or antagonism of man, but against the puff and the necessity of discussing important questions handicapped by interruptions of this kind: "Yes, that is my puff on the floor, would you mind handing it to me? As we were saying, the mere matter of the place of voting may be adjusted," &c.

The man nowadays is supposed to be ready at any moment to render a woman any puff assistance that she may require and not seem surprised. If her hat and puffs drop off when they are walking, driving or autoing it is his privilege to do the Sir Walter Raleigh act. If at a dinner party, 5 o'clock or in an opera box, the omnipresent puff meets his wandering eye he is supposed to know at once to whom to hand it and to proffer his assistance in lieu

of maid. The father of a daughter came into the library of his Murray Hill residence the other evening suddenly and Daughter rose from what looked to by the clinging embrace of a young man whose intentions had not been so marked as his attentions. Father swallowed the way fathers will at these crises and got all ready to say that it was a pleasant evening, which of course the young man would understand meant he had one more chance, when Daughter

coolly put her hand to her head and explained that Mr. Smith had just been pinning on her string of puffs that got caught on the bracket and came off, and did Papa think they were on in the proper place? And Papa remarked afterward, when Mamma took him to task for missing his opportunity, that he couldn't make an idiot of himself by letting people know that he wasn't up to all the newest wrinkles. He guessed not.

A woman who lives uptown tells how she was all ready to go to the theatre not long ago, cab at the door and maid gone home, when she suddenly discovered that she had forgotten to pin her puffs on. She wore a tight fitting princees, and even getting her arms up far enough to throw a scarf over her head was agony.

What could she do? All at once she remembered how a friend, a bachelor girl, always called the messenger service and asked for a married messenger boy to come around and hook up her dress. She didn't think it was necessary to insist on the marital equipment to pin on the puffs, but the idea of the messenger boy appealed to her as the quickest and surest way out of

the difficulty. A very nice little boy came and said that he'd been to lots of loideys' houses to pin puffs and went right to the dresser, filled his mouth with invisibles, turned her chair so she could direct his efforts with the aid of mirrors, and when he got through told her he had a goil and the goil was having a birthday soon, and he thought a string of puffs would be a jim dandy present, and did you buy 'em by the yard or by the twoses, and how much was they?

And at the theatre the other night a young woman came in with a hat the size of a cartwheel.! She had small features and a smallish head, and the overpowering effect of that headdress was one that it took a few minutes to recover from. As she did not show any strenuous desire to remove it a man finally leaned forward and suggested that as he had paid \$2 for his seat he would like to be able to see the stage without standing up on the chair.

According to the unwritten law of the theatre she began to remove it, but she did it in a half souled way, as much as to say that she was acting under protest and not from the dictates of her heart. As the last pin was removed and the hat lifted, a perfect volcano of puffs, compressed hitherto into the compass of the crown, sprang up before his astonished gaze.

Describing them afterward, he said that they looked like the corrugations in a brain map he had once seen, and was quite confident that some pyschic influence must have directed the girl's pinning them into place to represent her own inner surface of the cerebellum. After a while he leaned forward again and said: "For heaven's sake put on your hat!"

A woman who knows all about everything, when asked her opinion of this matter, hesitated a moment while she chased one of her own puffs across the street, and when she came back and was pinning i on said that she didn't believe, judging from observation and sympathy, helped by a certain amount of experience, that the puff had come to stay.

SALES IN THIS CITY WILL REACH! THE \$1,000,000 MARK.

EASTER FLOWER TRADE GOOD

People Who Once Made Gifts of Jewelry Now Choosing Flowers-Scientific Cule ture Prevents a Failure of Supply -Easter Lily Still the Most Popular. "What's that? Hard times? Not sell many flowers this Easter?" Thus a florist

spoke "Did you ever read, when you were a youngster going to school about boys who threw stones into a pond at frogs, and how finally these long suffering creatures thrush their heads above the water and said, 'You forget that what is fun for you is death

for us'?
"Well, that applies to the Easter flower trade. Hard times help us.
"People bave to economize. Whereas or a hundred dollars for a gift for some friend, now they are forced to keep within the ten or fifteen dollar limit.

"That amount would make a poor show-"That amount would make a poor showing invested in jewelry; but put into flowers the result is quite different. We can gets up a handsome box at those figures.

"Some one else's loss is our gain. This was true at Christmas time. The scarcity of money had led us to believe that our business would be small; but instead it was much larger than usual.

"The Palm Sunday sales were greater than had been expected, and the Easter sales will reach fully the \$1,000,000 mark. There are here in New York city about fifteen hundred florist shops, and quite as

fteen hundred florist shops, and quite &

few will do a \$20,000 business.

"Have you ever stopped to think? Everybody wants a flower at Easter time, even in the has but a quarter that he can spend in the can spend in t "No, I grant you, one quarter won't buy

much when Faster lilies are about \$3 a dozen \$
roses from \$3 to \$15 a dozen, according to the variety, and carnations about \$4 a dozen, scill, every flower we sell brings us in some money. While one quarter and much, yet a million quarters make quite

a pile of money.

"Oh, they're used for various purposes to decorate churches, to decorate houses and even stores, and they've almost completely usurped the place of the Easter card of greeting of former days.
"Speaking of former days, do you know

"Speaking of former days, do you know that things have changed very much in recent years as regards Easter decorations for churches? Thirty-five or forty years ago few of the churches in this country, with the exception of the Episcopal and Roman Catholic, were decorated at this season. But to-day in nearly every church, of whatever denomination, there is a profusion of flowers on Easter Sunday.

"And the style of these decorations has changed greatly too. Formerly set designs were used which consisted of colored, flowers arranged in such a way as to filterminate some Scriptural text. The orders were given by the churches and executed by the florists.

"To-day in nearly all instances the floral decorations are gifts from members of the

decorations are gifts from members of the congregations, being often placed as memorials, and consist in cut flowers and potted plants in blossom, which are arranged. most lavishly around the chancel, pulpit. lectern, &c.

"The most popular flower at this season?"
The Easter lily. Of course we sell quantities of other flowers, but this is the favorite.

ties of other flowers, but this is the favoritaespecially for church decorations.

"This lily got its name from the fact that
it bloomed in the spring, at Easter time,
and formerly could be got at no other season, but now we can have it the year
round. The reason's plain. Because public demand, that great stimulus for any
work, has led to a more scientific cultivation
of them. Now quantities of bulbs are
kept in cold storage at the nurseries, and
so are ready to be planted at any time.

"Yes, some of the florist shops have their
own nurseries, but most of them are sup-

"Yes, some of the florist shops have their own nurseries, but most of them are supplied with flowers and greens through some large wholesale firm. The large nurseries where these supplies are obtained are out from the city. Most of them have their specialties. One, for instance, is devoted exclusively to the growing of greens, smilax, maidenhair ferns, &c., and sends to this city they are the state of the about \$200 worth a day.
"The number of hothouses at these nur-

series depends on the capital invested. They range from ten to forty.

"You're right. In years past there has been at times a scarcity of Easter flowers. but such a state of things is never the case now. Luck, so called, has nothing to do with flower cultivation, which is entirely on a scientific basis.

The plants are made to bloom at a desired time. If as this time draws near their development seems not sufficients but if, on the other hand, they give promise of blooming too soon they are retarded by having the temperature lowered. Easter are planted about January, and as a rule are allowed to develop naturally, reaching their maturity at this "No. These from nurseries at a distance.

as at Tarrytown, come by train, but most of the flowers and plants are sent to the city in wagons.

Oh, no. It's a very easy matter to keep them fresh. You see, those that come as out flowers are taken from the plants when only half open and are placed in cold wate in cold places. After they have been there for a while they are packed in boxes between layers of paraffine paper and are sent to the city, where they will again be placed in water until sold."

GREENER WRIGGLES

PENNY-LOPE CUT IT TOO FINE AFTER THE DRILL.

Etiquette Falls as a Bait on the Early Morning Train-Soldiers Three Discourage a Suitor (Or Was He?) Who Didn't Dance-Hot Ending for Jake.

It was clear that they had been at a military event in Brooklyn. They got on the Sixth avenue train at Park place station in the first place. In the second place the men were in soldier clothes and the young women wore badges made up of United States flags and guns and bayonets and ramrods and such things.

It was a competitive drill and their side had won and they were quite enthusiastic. The statuesque girl, whose name appeared to be Penny-lope, remarked:

"Indeed, you could see who was the favorites when the plaudits rang out as Company C marched to the front to accept the trophy." The big C on the men's belts was quite

visible to every one. "Yes." assented Marie, who was only pretty and fluffy, "it was grand."

The elder man was evidently Marie's husband, for he comfortably adjusted his head on her shoulder and went to sleep. Things seemed to be unsettled between Penny-lope and the other prize soldier, who had a smooth, pink, chubby face and pompadour hair. It looked as if she had determined to bring him to time pretty speedily, and the fresh young cub, her prother Jake, aged about 16, appeared to

be in alliance with her. "Gee, Penny-lope," he piped up, "youse must be played out with all them dances-Penny-lope sighed and simpered and the young man with the pompadour took notice-"let's see your dance order"-he grabbed it and after a glance or two went on: "Say, sis, you danced every number." The young man looked uncomfortable. I

ewaw, every number's filled." "You oughter to learn to dance, Mr. Greener," murmured Penny-lope, striking ne of her most statuesque poses and

smiling into his soul. He took off his cap and polished the pompadour with his handkerchief. Some Ital-

ians getting on at Grand street interrupted the conversation, but as soon as the train had started again Mr. Jake resumed:

WICKED LITTLE FLATIRON PUFFS.

shriek of a subdued kind as if she were there you see, men are just as much at-

afraid or ashamed of herself and yet to tached to the very newest style of hair-

save her life couldn't help it, the kind that | dressing as we are," and the man didn't

a woman gives when a man proposes to her | say a word.

o go to the theatre instead of marriage

and not having any scruples about changing

the subject so quickly she ejaculated

Two or three others followed the direc-

tion of her glance, and they too ejaculated

There is a legend that with the putting on

of the garment of emancipation women put

off the cloak of fear. It is a legend, nothing

And these emancipated ones followed

the way of their kind, and political, club

and social climbers all climbed together

into the nearest chairs and gathered their

five gored skirts about their openworks

and Easter ties. The hostess cried "It's

coming this way!" and the woman next to

her tried to sprint onto the top of the chair,

and a servant came with a pair of foils,

the first thing he could find; and at that

psychologic second a small woman who

hadn't advanced any opinions but was

just waiting for an opportunity grabbed at

her back hair and said, shamefacedly, to

"Oh, that isn't a mouse: that's one of my

Then she jumped down from her chair picked it up, pinned it on after blowing

else, a mere parlor story.

her credit be it remarked:

"Mouse!"

"Gee, sis, but that Lootenant Smart loves to dance with you. Say, d'ye know he's down for six numbers?"

"Some o' them was only half portions, Penny-lope explained striking a waxwork attitude, "but he's a dream of a dancer. When he guides you 'round amid the mazy throng he makes you feel like Terpsy-core (she pronounced it in three syllables), and you feel 's if you could float on forever."

Her eyes assumed a dreamy languor suggestive of perpetual flotation, and two very hectic spots appeared on Mr. Greener's cheek bones. The stop at Grand street and the lurching of the train around the corners of West Third street interrupted the wooing.

Marie's husband's ear lost its grip on her shoulder blade so that he nearly slid off into the aisle. Jake had to dive for his cap under the opposite seat.

He promptly went to sleep again, but Marie, operated a diversion by commenting on the reckleseness of motormen in rounding curves. She herself had thought she'd 'a' died of fright on some historic occasion of uncertain date when she thought the train would run off the track and land

on the ground floor. Her remarks didn't interest Mr. Greener much. His soul was troubled. Penny-lope was impatient; Marie was interfering with

Jake kept studying the dance order as if it was a thirteen puzzle or the season's schedule of the National League. He got his innings again about Twenty-third

"You gotta mash too on Sergeant Spindle, Penny-lope," he cut in. "He's on your list four times. I heard him tellin' another guy you was fine on the glide."

"I ain't got no use for Spindle," ejaculated Greener with an ugly look in his eye. Who is he, anyhow? He thinks he's hep with all youse girls, but there ain't nothin to him. He has to walk downtown to pay

his compn'y dues."

"Mr. Spindle mayn't be no John D.,"
replied Penny-lope in the pose of the lady
who was "Left at the Altar" and subsequently declined all financial allurements
to commit bigamy. "but he is a troo gento commit bigamy, "but he is a troo gentelman [stress on the 'tel'] and he treats you so respectful and polite it's an honor to be enrolled in his acquaintance."

"He's a cheap skate," was Greener's

in this locality the other day-a young man

of the high brow order acting as party

of the second part. In spite of his flowing

locks, his flowing tie and his parlor

socialist get up, he was no slouch when

An awfully pretty girl, one of the peachy

kind, came suddenly around the Flatiron

Building right in the face and eyes of the

blast, and as her hat careened and her skirts

filled, the second reef not being taken in

time, an airy fairy little puff became un-

anchored from its moorings and floated

swiftly down stream in the wake of half

a hundred women who were clutching

it came to sprinting.

Penny lope sniffed and looked refined and just a little wounded in the region of her sentiments. She held her pose like an artist's model through the long run from Thirty-third to Forty-second street, while Greener squirmed and coughed and polished his pompadour some more. Then Jake

broke loose again:
"Say, sis, d'ye like Capt'n Smatter?
I don't see how you could dance with such a mug. He's homely enough to be in the monkey house. Gee, I think I'd go off in the highstrikes if I was a gal an' he started to waitz me aroun' an' aroun' Willy, aroun'

Penny-lope now put on the air of Miss rim, who used to teach the third from the highest when she went to Grammar School No. 'Steen. She was chillingly impressive.

"There is other things besides beauty of face and form in this world," he declared, "and, anyway, even if Captain Smatter's features is not made in the classic mould his form is a model of manly vigor equal to a Græco-Roman statue of Paris marble. Besides if is the mind that

shines out through his eyes—"
"Oh, gee, sis, you must be stuck on him.
Did he open wine at supper when he took you out at the intermish?"
"Captain Smatter is far too much

a gentleman to offer wine to a lady. If i "He's got the long green anyway. Say, ou know he owns seven flat houses in The Bronx and-The riches of the gentlemen I meet in

society has no interest for me." "Why don't you try to lassoo him? Ges, if you owned him for a meal ticket we'd be ridin' home in our autimobubble instead of hikin' it on the L."

"I won't say as I dispise fair houses and lands or the yellow metal. But the man that wins me must be a gentleman. His education and his etiquette must be the real thing.

"I refused numerous partners in the dance to-night, I could a split every number had I so elected; but no hand shall touch mine, no arm shall encircle my waist and no voice speak softly into my ear unless it is accustomed to shining in circles as refined

as those of the 400.

"That's why I favored only Captain
Smatter and Sergeant Spindle and Lootenant Smart and one or two other guests of evening properly vouched for "Seventy-second street!" rasped out the

guard as the train slowed up.
Private Greener staggered to his feet,
groggy with emotion. His cheekbones groggy with emotion. His cheekbones were carmine but his lips were white.

"Well, good evening. Miss Penny-lope!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "I guess Jakey can see you home safe. I see it's \$4. M. and I sin't got no flats in The Bronx, so I

must be out to work by 7 A. M. I'm obliged to you for being seen in my company. I'm sorry I ain't Capt'n Smatter or Sergeant Spindle or Lootenant Smart, and that I ain't got the manners of Fifth avenou. Hold on don't shut that gate"—and he made don't shut that gate"-and he made a dash off the train

Consternation fell upon the remaining group. Even Marie's husband woke_up, guessing at a quarrel, shouted: "Hey Come back!" But he was too late and the three grownups looked blankly at each

Jake's evil genius made him see the humor of it, and he burst into a cackle of shrill laughter, shouting:
"Oh, ges, ain't he mad! Say, sis, he's
given you the iceberg and he won't come

around no more. Then Penny-lope ceased to be statuesque. Her eyes blased and with a sweep of her arm that had nothing of the waxwork about it she administered a smack upon marble cheek that made the sleepers further down the car sit up and look stupidly about

"Hully gee! What did I do?" wailed Jake. for the broken "It was all "You shut up or I'll give you another!"
politely remarked Penny-lope.
Then there was a period of oppressive

out it a deal too fine," was the comment of the guard as the man who had been watching the incident got off the train.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. William Beebe, wife of the curator of birds in the Bronx Zoological Garden. has sailed with her husband for South America to spend several months studying bird life in the interior. Mrs. Beebe is an enthusiastic naturalist and is said to be of material assistance to her husband in his work. Their objective point on the present trip is the unexplored forest region of British Guiana.

Miss Hilds Belcher has received the first prize of \$500 in the Strathmore watercolor exhibition. The Strathmore is looked upon as one of the most important art competitions of the year, and the struggle for the first prize is always keen. Miss Belcher is a native of Vermont and her mother was an artist of local reputation. Beginning as an illustrator of magazine articles, she has done creditable work in several fields of t. A stained glass window which she a new church in Baltimore, while one of her first portraits took the scholarship in portrait painting at the New York School of Art. Her latest prize winning picture

is a portrait, and it is in this field that she is thought to show the greatest talent.

Miss Clara L. Power of Boston has been made second assistant register of probate for the county of Suffolk under an act passed at the present session of the Massachusetts Legislature. Miss Power has been working in the court house in Boston since 1892. She was graduated from the law school of Boston University in 1893 and two years later was admitted to the bar. In 1899 she was admitted to the bar of the United States Circuit Court and later to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mrs. Nanette B. Paul of Washington, D. C., has introduced a new method of teaching parliamentary law. She has an illustrated chart showing what motions are debatable, when they are in order, what majority is necessary for their adoption, &c. Mrs. Paul is a graduate of the Washington College of Law and a member of the District bar. She is at the head of the movement to make the Washington College of Law a permanent institution. At the present time it depends on the life of its dean, Mrs. Mussey. The graduates have started an endowment fund, which now amounts to

several thousand dollars.

Few of the thousands of people who have admired the wall decorations of the New Amsterdam Theatre know that they are the work of an American woman, Miss Blanche Ostertag. After winning a number of student prizes while studying art in Paris. Miss Ostertag returned to America, settled in Chicago, and beginning with designs for calendars, posters, book covers and other small forms of decorative art, worked up to the broad field of mural painting. One important commission which she has just finished for the Northwestern Railroad is a series of historical panels at the Green Bay terminal, Wisconsin.

A Gentle Hint. From the Washington Star. Senator Fulton at his annual Oregon salmon dinner in Washington told a tipping

Astoria," he said, "there used to be an old fisherman who brought me the first of every month a present of a splendid salmon from his master. I always gave the old fisher-

"But one morning I was very busy, and when the old man brought the fish I thanked him hurriedly, and forgetting his tip bent over my deak again. He hesitated a moment over my desk again. He hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said:

"Senator, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife'll think I've went and apeat it on rum."



men; and thousands of women of medium and slender build have already learned that the new Nemo Back-Resting Corset not only strengthens and relieves the tired, aching back, but produces the new "slender-hip" figure to perfection.

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